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THE GAME OF NATIONS.

THE Moroccan crisis, which is receiving the anxious consideration of every European cabinet, and which may yet involve Germany and France in war, affords a pertinent illustration of the great changes that have come to pass in the great generation in international relations and rules of conduct. Formerly, up to the Franco-German war, every nation was a law unto itself, and international laws were made to be broken like pie crust whenever it suited the tastes or the interests of a particular nation. Treaties and alliances were made in solemn form, as they have been since nations existed, but their binding force as a moral obligation weighed lightly on the contracting parties, and no reproach was imparted or felt when the time and occasion suited to disregard them. Diplomacy was the masquerade of nations and war was merely the throwing off of the mask. No nation would brook for a moment the intervention of an outsider in its quarrel with another nation. Wars sprang up with the suddenness of a summer storm and were fought out as long as it suited the personal temper of the combatants. And like a summer storm such wars were comparatively circumscribed and evanescent in their nature and consequences, the raid, foray and ambush going on in one part of a country, while a few miles away the natives continued their peaceful pursuits in comparative safety and indifference. War as a rule was a bloody game between kings and their armies, while the nation looked on as a more or less interested spectator.

The first great change in the attitude of nations was wrought by the building of telegraphs and railroads, and the increasing destructiveness of modern engines of war. The first impressive object lesson was given by the Franco-German war, when the fast following events of a few months founded a great empire and left a great nation lying prostrate at its feet. War was no longer the sport of kings and nobles; from a spectacular drama it had risen to the dignity of a national tragedy. The suddenness and completeness of it appalled all Europe, and the necessity was quickly felt of devising some effective counterpoise to the danger. This led to the practical perfecting of the balance of power, which has long been the dream of statesmen, and the effects of which we see in the present contest over Morocco.

If these times were like Napoleon's, doubtless the Kaiser would have seized Morocco, and would have invaded France within a week if he had dared to resent it. In fact, but for the balance of power, which means the implied agreement of the nations to defend each other against spoliation and aggression, Germany's war lord might long ago have become the conqueror of Europe. As it is, the sobering thought that he might go down in history as William the deposed, instead of as William the Great, gives him pause. Hence the spectacle is presented that when German and French interests clash in Morocco a conference of the powers is invited. When France refuses, and the German shows his mailed fist, England hastily mobilizes her fleet, the drum is beaten and mid-night councils are held in Europe's capitals. Both sides present their case in full to the American president, seeking his moral if not his active support. The equities and moral obligations of the situation are recognized as binding considerations, if not as a sovereign force. And so now in the game of nations mailed might and brute force are no longer sufficient; truth and right must at least be pleaded in justification at the bar of the world.

JAMES STREET—LOGIC OF MATERIALISM.

IN James Street—if what is reported of him is true—human nature reaches its lowest abyss of moral degradation, says Rev. Thomas B. Gregory in the New York American.

All things considered, it is the most glaring instance of ethical depravity that has come to attention in many years, and if I were a professional psychologist nothing would please me better than to be permitted to make of James Street's character a thorough study.

In the prime of life, the husband of a good wife with whom he has lived for nineteen years, and the father of six fine sons and daughters, this man, Street, meets a young schoolgirl, becomes infatuated with her, and announces to the community that he is going to divorce his faithful wife, desert his children, and marry the new object of his criminal affection.

With the effrontery of a born devil, he goes about his infamous business as coolly and unconcerned as though he were doing the prettiest and most worthy thing in the world!

Is this man crazy? Or if sound mentally, is he a moral lunatic—a "degenerate," as we would say, a man who has lost, if he ever possessed, the power of distinguishing between right and wrong?

Leaving others to answer these questions, I proceed to ask a few others which are of first rate importance to every one of us.

It is the complaint of the church people, and the boast of those who are opposed to the churches, that religion is on the decline, that the world is losing its faith in God and conscience and immortality, and is

fast reaching the point where it believes in nothing but the present life and its material concerns.

Now, I am not going to attempt to show whether or not this is true; I simply ask: "If it is true, does it not help to explain the increasing moral perversity of the time in which we live?"

If you believe that there is no moral government of the universe; that there is no Right that you are to revere, and no Wrong that you are to detest and scorn; that right and wrong, so-called, are mere human concoctions; that there is no will higher than that of the individual, no sanction above that of the individual's own caprice or whim; and, finally, that the summum bonum, the greatest good, is found in the gratification of one's selfish aims, in whatever direction those aims may tend—if you believe that, why should you not do just what James Street is doing?

I do not say that it would be right for you to do it; but with such belief would you not act logically should you do just what Street is doing?

If there is no Right, how can you do wrong? If nothing is holy, how can you commit the deed that is unholy? If there is no law higher than your own will, and no good beyond that of the satisfaction of your own appetites and passions and the aggrandizement of your own selfish fortunes, who has the right to stop you in your career of greed and lust?

The logical result of this creed of Nescience is—Nescience. From nothing, nothing comes. Everything is—nothing!

My duty to the wife of my youth, and to the children she has borne me, is a mere bauble—which I may toss aside to scorn when infatuated with some pretty face that crosses my path!

It may be true, after all, that there is something uplifting in the sentiment of religion—in the conviction that there is a Right that we should venerate and a Wrong that we should hate; and, again, it may be true that in the wretched materialism which we are speaking of may lie the explanation of the moral turpitude that threatens to subvert the very foundations of our modern society.

A COMMENDABLE CONDEMNATION.

THE Pennsylvania Railroad system has notified the Union News company that its agents and "butchers" must not sell any more dime novels and sensational detective stories at either the stations or on the cars of the system. The railroad officials state that these dime novels and sensational stories are the cause of much crime and it will not be a party to any wrong doing. This is an unusual act on the part of a large corporation, and it shows, after all that these big companies possessing millions of money have a conscience left. It is very refreshing to see this sentiment expressed by such an influential public corporation. While the Pennsylvania road may lose something in its receipts from this course, it will more than gain the amount in the appreciation of the right-thinking and moral world. We have no doubt that other great public concerns will now imitate the example so nobly set by this large railroad system, and it will only be a short while when this objectionable "literature" can not be purchased on any of the trains or steamship line in the United States. There is little room for doubt that the dime novel and lying detective stories are responsible for much of the crime in this country. It is read by immature and highly imaginative minds incapable of discriminating and weighing consequences. The average young boy is naturally heroic and he imagines quite readily that he can accomplish wonders and violate the law with impunity. He believes he is too shrewd for the minions of the law after his mind is fired by the loathsome and thrilling descriptions of the exploits of cut-throats, murderers and highwaymen. He soon comes to the conclusion that the way to make a name for himself is to don a red shirt, buckle a six-shooter around his waist and place a bowie knife in a sheath and begin his life of crime. He wants to defy the law and all government because he thinks such things are manly and display a prowess and bravery one cannot do in civil life. This is no overdrawn picture, if we are permitted to believe the confessions of many a wayward youth after he had gotten in the clutches of the law and on his way to the penitentiary or the gallows. Statistics on this subject have been published and they are appalling. These dime novels cause the youth to lose all respect for law and order and government and all affection and veneration for parents and home. We believe they are more responsible for the downfall and utter demoralization of youths than most of the evils combined. It is not a long step from detective and yellow back novel reading to the gambling table and the liquor brothel, and from those to various immoral places and utter depravity. This "literature" (God save the mark!) makes enemies of the youth against honest labor and the practicable things of this life which go to make progress and commence and society more strong and pure. It unfits him for the common vocations and only sharpens his desires for those things which are depraved and crowns the villain with a halo of glory, nay, they crucify the honor and integrity and industry on the cross of derision and with demoniacal glee gamble for the vestry these virtues wore.

Winter wheat harvesting in progress with the usual reports of too much rain in some localities.

JUSTICE BREWER ON WOMAN SUFFRAGE.



SUPREME court Justice Brewer in a recent interview expressed his firm belief in the desirability of woman suffrage. He said in part:

"When I was a young man I thought that female suffrage was a theory. To-day, by the knowledge that years of experience have brought me, I am firmly convinced that what I regarded as theories in my youth are practical today. The only way to prove a theory is to test it. We are now engaged in testing the theory of female suffrage. In four states it has been tried and not found wanting."

"To be sure, there has never been any severe trial of the question up to the present time. There have been women Mayors of small cities, of five and ten thousand inhabitants. And under the rule of these women Mayors public affairs have been conducted in a most satisfactory manner. Just what a woman would do as Mayor of a city like Chicago is a thing yet to be tested."

"I think that the chances for her administrative success would be greater than though she were a man. There is no question but what women have at least as high and probably higher sense of honor than men. There is also no question but what their executive ability is quite as good as that of the other sex. Just how far their capacity for business goes has never yet been discovered."

"I can see no good reason why there should not be a woman President of the country. I can see a great many good reasons why there should be one. However, I question if it comes in the near future, but it is an incident that might happen at almost any time. Women have shown their capacity for handling big affairs in colleges, schools, railroads and banks. To be sure, there has always been a prejudice against women stenographers in large concerns. The idea of the sex question has handicapped the development of the twentieth century girl."

The manufacturers' Record, of Baltimore, which keeps in the closest kind of touch with the south and its material best interests, says on the question of immigration: "The south desires immigrants. It has lucrative work in its fields, its forests, its factories and its mines for twice as many men as are now employed. Hundreds of thousands of its fertile acres are awaiting the first touch of the plow. Millions of tons of its mineral wealth in iron, coal, phosphate, oil, building stones, clays, etc., are to be brought to the surface. Its cotton mills and factories, the farms and plantations are undermanned, with the world calling for their products. The south cannot look to the natural increase in its population to answer that call. It must draw other men unto itself. It is not opposed to the foreignborn. It will be recalled in that connection that a foolish movement in American politics half a century ago reeling upon antagonism to the foreignborn was shattered against the American liberalism of the south. But while unopposed to foreigners, the south naturally prefers for its new citizens American-born or individuals who have lived long enough in the United States to have been filled with the real spirit of the country, and of the foreigners freshly arrived those belonging to the stocks of northern Europe which have contributed so much to the progress and prosperity of the rest of the land. It recognizes that even among the arrivals against whom as a class other sections have objection there may be thousands depressed rather than degenerate, who, amid the splendid opportunities of the south, may be converted into valuable American material. But the south will have human sewage under no consideration. It is convinced that it must not sacrifice a great future to meet a present emergency. It feels that in this particular of immigration there is truth in the saw that where there is less haste there is likely to be the greatest speed."

In his newly published autobiography Andrew D. White tells a good story that Adlai Stevenson told him about Lincoln. At one time when Lincoln had a visitor he glanced from a window and saw Sumner, Wade and Thad Stevens approaching the White House. They had been pestered him about emancipation, and Lincoln said they reminded him of his school days. His class had been trying to pronounce the names of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, and finally had succeeded. Then the teacher insisted on a repetition, beginning with Lincoln, and the smallest boy at the foot began to cry. When asked the reason the youngster blurted out: "Don't you see them three crosses are coming this way again?"

The seven pygmies brought from Central Africa made their first appearance at the London Hippodrome on June 5 and did a weird dance, which they stopped as soon as the house applauded, clapping the hands meaning "stop" in their country. They were much surprised at all they saw in London but have no language with which to make any comments. "Ool ool" greets like railway trains, telephones, electric lights and everything else.

This is the time of year when a large part of young America is saving its money to buy things with which to permanently injure itself on July Fourth.

THIS LIFE OF OURS, WHAT IS IT?



THE definition of life with the man who defines it, says the New York American. Nowadays, when the insurance companies are insuring our lives, we ought to know exactly what it is.

Some persons have said that life was a nuisance and a bore. But even when they say so, they know exceedingly well they would not sacrifice it. Even though it may be rather dull, we cling to it to the end.

But would we cling to it if we knew exactly and scientifically what it is? Most of us simply think that it is living from day to day, finding a certain amount of enjoyment, a larger amount of worry and a considerable amount of sorrow. That is the unscientific point of view.

Here is the scientific point of view as it is expressed by Herbert Spencer: "Life is a series of changes from homogeneity to heterogeneity through differentiation to integration."

If we knew that life was such a complication of polysyllabic words, it would have been harder for all of us to live it. The only reason that ninety-nine out of a hundred people live cheerfully and happily—and most of them do—is because they have never had an opportunity to read Mr. Spencer's books and to discover exactly what they were doing.

The American is not a philosopher. It does profess to contain within itself all the wisdom of the ages. But it does believe that this life which its readers are living is a pretty good life; that it is made good or bad largely by the actions of the man or woman who leads it. We do not question the fact that environment sometimes hurts and sometimes helps the one who lives. The cruel sorrows of poverty and the foolish follies of wealth may help to make a life not worth living. But to the end the individual does count for a great deal. Even though the injustice of a social system, in which justice plays no part, may press upon him, if he knows how to live righteously, if he carries a brave heart and a cheerful mind, he and his will go through the world of care and sorrow without ever knowing whether he changes from homogeneity to heterogeneity.

The Supreme Court Monday evening, in the famous Pontotoc injunction case, handed down a decision in which the contention of the Railroad Commission is upheld. The court holds that the Mobile Jackson and Kansas City Road must obey the mandate of the commission and erect the depot on the old site. In 1903 the depot at Pontotoc was burned and the railroad selected a new site for the depot which was beyond the corporate limits of Pontotoc. The Railroad Commission soon after the burning of the depot ordered that it be built on the old site, but the railroad did not pay any attention to the order, going on with its preparations to build on the new site, when the Commission obtained an injunction. The court was very positive in saying that the depot must go back on the old site. It is believed that this will settle such controversies for all time. This is also a victory especially for Commissioner Kincaannon who always has the welfare of his constituents first in mind. If there is a state in this union that has a railroad commission that looks after the commonwealth's interests any better than that of Mississippi it must surely be perfect.

Miss Helen Buck, president of the graduating class of Mount Holyoke college, probably is the greatest woman athlete in the world, but in attaining that distinction has sacrificed none of her studies. A famous university trainer says that with scientific instruction Miss Buck would prove a worthy rival of some of the best male athletes. Here are some of her records: Fifty yard dash, 6:6-8-10; seventy-five yard dash, 6-10 1-10; fifty yard hurdles, 0:8 2 5; broad jump, 12 1 2 feet; shotput, 32 feet 9 inches. Miss Buck hails from Manchester, N. H.

An inn on the border of Wales is half in Wales and half in England. So on Sundays one half is operated under English Sunday laws and the other half under those of Wales.

The French government intends to make experiments in the Congo colony in the cultivation of a wild coffee tree discovered by the explorer, M. Chavalier.

Apostle Dowie is said to have delivered a powerful sermon on "Graft" last Sunday. There is no doubt that the old doctor knows his subject from a to tizzard.

The stealing of bicycles has become so prevalent in Birmingham, England, that the local offices of the leading insurance companies have abandoned cycle insurance.

King Alfonso's cabinet has resigned again. Alfonso's duties appear to consist of appointing new cabinets, hunting for a wife and dodging bombs.

The straw hat is to be abolished in the British navy and the sailors will wear white helmets on tropical service.

The oldest belfry in America is the seven century-old fir tree, eight feet thick.